

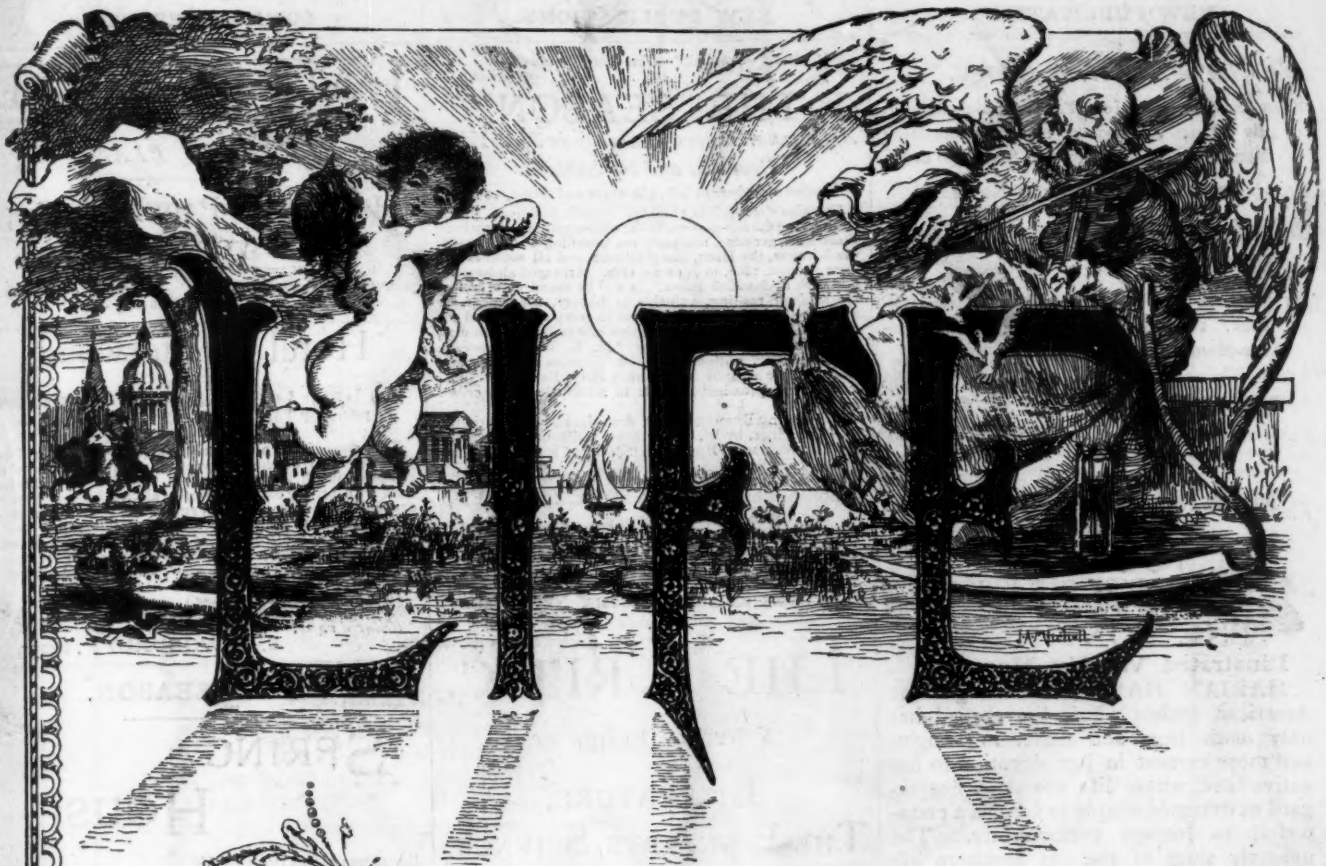
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S. J. Donovan

VOLUME II.

AUGUST 23, 1883.

NUMBER 34.



- Issued every Thursday -

Ten Cents
a Copy.

Published at the Life Office - 1155 Broadway -
New York.

Entered at N.Y. Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

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SUMMER FASHIONS.



VOL. II. AUGUST 23D, 1883. NO. 34.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

NEWPORT is a city about which no two authorities agree. It is claimed by one distinguished American writer that it is "the centre of refinement, fashion, intelligence and wealth." Another, equally eminent, declares it to be "shoddy, pinchbeck, and greasy, with newly acquired and vulgarly used wealth." One noted English critic, who was *flted* there last year, says that "Newport is the heaven of the toady and the snob," while a Frenchman who had similar experience declares it to be "the Mecca of the rich who can be worshipped for nothing but their wealth." A correspondent of the *London Globe* says: "It is the paradise of two sets of fools—the gilded clique who spend tens of thousands in the effort to outshine their neighbors, and the obsequious clique that beggars itself for the privilege of witnessing the pitiful contest."

MR. JOAQUIN MILLER says that he sighs for a city where "the cruel civilization of modern empires is unknown" and where there is "rest and quiet and peace to suit the hour of dreams;" a city "hedged in from bustle and feverish rush for gain," a city "placid as a moonlit lake and natural as a maiden's blush;" a city where "a poet may seek and find congenial ears and healthful hearts;" a city where "ambition slumbers and nature wields the sceptre over all." Mr. Miller is evidently truckling for a pass to Boston.

THE Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle* says that "the Boss Fool was produced at the recent military re-union in Texas." The editor of the *Chronicle* must retract that statement. He has been sadly misinformed. We have facts in our possession which prove beyond the slightest doubt that Judge Hoadly has never been further South than Louisville.

WILL the fall in the price of quinine affect the shake which Mr. Conkling has given the Republican party?

A WISE saw and a modern instance *** [will Mr. Courtney kindly fill out the rest of this paragraph? Ed.]

THE annual grind of naval cadets at Annapolis must cease. There is n't steerage room now in the navy for even the Commodores.

WHILE every eye is strained eastward and every energy directed against an invasion by cholera, the news comes that King Kalakaua's Royal Sandwich Island Brass Band has arrived in San Francisco. This shows how hopeless it is to oppose fate.

A CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., dispatch says: "A bolt of lightning killed 27 hogs simultaneously at Blue Springs in this county." Democracy may be all right, but this looks like a warning.

OUR highly esteemed contemporaries of Philadelphia and Chicago are cackling over the fact that telegraph wires in their respective cities have been successfully worked under ground. That is nothing new. Mr. Gould has worked the entire Western Union in that way ever since he first took hold of it.

THE *London Athenaeum* says that "Chicago is a hideous city," and further remarks that "the people think the sight of killing pigs the finest in the world, and the visitor is taken to see it as the greatest of treats." That settles it. Mr. Gladstone will have to be very careful hereafter how he plunges England into war, for the support of Mr. Carter Harrison cannot now be counted upon.

MR. CEPHAS F. ROBERTSON recently came to this country from England. He carried eleven hat boxes and a valet and was full of brandy and soda and enthusiasm. Three days after he arrived in New York he met an old friend in the usual way on the Bowery. The meeting cost Mr. Robertson \$1,100. He left the following day for Chicago. The morning of his arrival in that porcine city he met another old friend who obtained from him a loan of \$650.00 on \$1.95 worth of glass diamonds and a certified cheque on a Canadian bank which failed two years ago. Mr. Robertson then undertook to do St. Louis, and it cost him \$20 to have a lawyer explain to a Judge why one glass of pale sherry, which he had taken with a casual acquaintance, should have so muddled his brain and tangled up his legs that he lost his watch and his reputation for sobriety on the public street at 11 A.M. Mr. Robertson got into Louisville just in time for the most exciting horse-race of the season, and was fortunate enough to secure a "pointer" from a too confiding friend, which enabled him to lose \$2,700 in five minutes on what is called in that depraved region a "whipsaw." He then drifted into Texas, and got into a friendly argument with a cowboy and into the surgical ward of a hospital on the same day. Flying to New Orleans, he went down with the "breakbone" fever, and then spent \$2,900 trying to win the capital prize in the Lottery. He will now return to England, and will write a book which will convey accurate impressions of this country to the British public.



REGRETS.

Miss Gushington (to young widow whose husband has left a large fortune): THAT IS THE FOURTEENTH MOURNING COSTUME I HAVE SEEN YOU WEAR IN THREE DAYS, AND EACH LOVELIER AND MORE BECOMING THAN THE OTHER.

Young Widow: OH! MY DEAR, I HAVE FORTY—BUT SUCH A BOTHER AS THEY WERE TO HAVE MADE! AT ONE TIME I ALMOST WISHED THAT POOR, DEAR GEORGE HAD N'T DIED!

HIS REPLY.

"Methinks the lady doth protest too much."

I AM deluged with poetical phrases;
Would hold them as dear
As the spring springing violets and daisies,
Could I think them sincere—
Do you hear?

There is something diffusely sardonic,
A breath like a jeer,
In your letter. True love is laconic,
A thing to revere—
Do you hear?

I like not a cheap effervescent;
The froth on the beer
We give to the young adolescent,
Reserving the clear.
Do you hear?

Do n't wince, I am gaily protesting,
Not really severe;
All times are for mocking and jesting,
With *you* though I fear.
Do you hear?

W. H. HOWELLS.

"MISERY acquaints a man with strange bedfellows" is true enough, but people who effect country board "within easy reach of the city" find that strange bedfellows more frequently acquaint a man with misery.

OUR LATE ARRIVAL.

(THE MODERN DUDE.)

I LIVE in blissful idleness—
Society 's a bore.
I languidly attitudinize
Outside my Hotel door.

My costuming 's a work of art,
Untaught in any school ;
My clothing, gems in every part,
Is made for me by Poole.—

My bootlets taper at the toe
With upward inclination,
And 'pon my word, wher'er I go,
Excite vast admiration.

By ' Bennet " hat, with sweeping brim,
Most surely is becoming,
My creamy tie, with silver pin,
Is positively stunning.

My collar is a tidy pile,
Uncomfortable rather,
But comfort must be waived for style,
In one way or an other.

I wear a single glass, you know,
With just a dash of guile.
I 'm not Myopic—bless you, no ;—
'T is only London style.

I fancy I've the finest gait
Upon the Avenue,—
At least 't is common rumor,
It really must be true.

I may add—It 's rather awkward
And excessively—ah !—rude,
Of vulgar-minded persons,
To mention me a " Dude."

The meaning of this modern skit
My Webster does not render,—
I see the papers mention it
As of the neuter gender.

A rum thing that, and beastly rude,
A caddish application
To a mere habitude
Of foreign importation.

Society's a beastly bore—
I positively shun it.
I think I 've hit a better score,
And I intend to run it.

D. W. N.

TRIALS OF A MT. DESERTER.

INTERCEPTED LETTER NO. 2.

BAR HARBOR, ME.

Aug. 18th, '83.

DEAR LURLIE : I *know* you will forgive me, you dear, sweet darling girl, for not writing since yesterday, but you know I went canoeing this morning, and just after I returned we went to Lena Randolph's Jordan's Pond picnic and stayed all day. Lena is just too *awfully* sweet for anything to me, on account of Mr. Rathbone. He is the one I wrote you about Thursday evening. Do you know, he has the loveliest eyes I think I ever saw—except Archie's, of course. By the way, I quite forgot to tell you that Archie and Carrie Van Salmon must have had a quarrel, for yesterday he sat smoking a cigarette on the piazza when she was not *twenty* feet away, and he did not go up to even *speak* to her for at least a quarter of an hour. And then he rushed up and pretended he had not seen her, and they went down to the Rocks together, and she kept him there until a half an hour after his engagement with *me*. Is n't she just the most odious girl, Lurlie? Of course I would have been furious, but Mr. Rathbone came up ten minutes before the hour, and I really forgot all about my engagement with Archie until he reminded me of it. Mr. Rathbone is just the loveliest man here. He is tall and slender and plays tennis and has dark eyes and the sweetest white flannel suits you ever saw, Lurlie. We talked about love at first sight, and he said that with his passionate, Southron nature, to love a woman at all was to love her madly, wildly, absolutely, the first time he saw her. And then he looked away from me with such a dreamy, poetic, far-off look that I positively felt a *thrill* go through me until papa came up and asked whose pug that was fighting with the yellow dog in front of the telegraph office. Just as if Mr. Rathbone was really looking at a *dog fight* while talking so to me! He has such a *sad* expression in his eyes, too, Lurlie. I am *sure* he has a history. What a dreadfully heartless woman she must have been—do n't you think so, Lurlie? Mamie says that Lulu Savage, who is from Richmond, you know, told her that Mr. Rathbone fell regularly in love with every new girl he met, but I know that Lulu Savage has always been saying something malicious about everybody ever since Paul Heman snubbed her and engaged himself to May Livingston—has n't she, Lurlie? But I have n't told you about the picnic! You see it was very small—only three buckboards and Archie's dog-cart. There was Lena Randolph and that horrid little Gregory Jones—he gave a lunch in her honor on his new yacht, last Tuesday, you know ;—Maude Halcombe and Harry Forbes—the way he carries on with her is just breaking Mamie's heart ;—Lulu Savage and Arthur Penwright—he is from Chicago, you know, but they say he is rich ;—Alicia Woodland and Charlie Hattan—Alicia is a Baltimore girl and the men just *rave* about her complexion. I wish she'd wash her face and let *me* see it! Then there were Stetson Boswell and Gertrude Bliss, Gor-

don Robinson and old Miss Peplow, Dr. Allyn and Miss Andrews—she is an English girl and perfectly lovely—and Mr. and Mrs. Bliss chaperoned us—has n't she the vilest cackle for a laugh you ever heard, Lurlie? It nearly drove me wild. Of course I expected to go with Archie, but do you know what that Carrie Van Salmon did? She got Archie to take her off for a little ride about a half hour before the picnic started, and kept him dawdling around the Indian camp buying baskets and getting her fortune told until everybody was getting into the buckboard, and of course my partner was absent. Well, as I had n't made a *positive* engagement with Archie, I was able to ask Mr. Rathbone. Just as we took our seats, up drove Archie, and he explained that his watch must have been fifteen minutes slow, but I know Carrie Van Salmon set it back, for I noticed the other day she held it while he was climbing the rocks at Great Head. She *did* look too malignantly happy for anything when they drove up, and she had the audacity, when she heard that Archie and I had a half engagement to go together, to insist on my taking her place in the dog-cart. But of course I smiled and looked indifferent, and said it was all right, though I could have bitten her head off—could n't you, Lurlie? I was n't so much disappointed, after all, because Mr. Rathbone was with me, and the way his great, dark, splendid eyes lighted up when he saw the matter settled, made me positively happy. I wish you could see him, Lurlie.

When we got to Jordan's pond over that dreadful bumpy road, we went out rowing in some miserable little leaky boats, and Mr. Rathbone told me his first name was Cecil—is n't that sweet—and said he thought Gwendolyn the most rapturously musical name he ever heard, and he begged me to let him call me Miss Gwendolyn—when we were alone, of course—and I said I would, and he looked up at the blue sky with that soft dreamy expression, repeated my name in a whisper to himself, and then asked me if I would care *very* much if he smoked a cigarette. Then, after he lit the cigarette, he said I reminded him of a poem by Owen Meredith, "Madame La Marquise," and he was just going to tell me why, when that vile little Gregory Jones hooted out to us from shore that lunch was ready, and of course we had to go back and eat stuffy old sandwiches and pickles under a tree, and I had four-



THE OCEAN STEAMER—No. 8.

"LUNCH SERVED, 'M."

teen caterpillars and three bugs drop right down my back, and Mr. Rathbone was so busy picking them off that he could n't eat anything but some hard boiled eggs and a little cake. Archie was n't there, but Maude Halcombe told me that he went mountain climbing with Mamie and Charlie Hattan and Carrie Van Salmon. They had not returned when our buck-board left, and so I must wait until I see Mamie before I can tell you what they did. Mr. Rathbone and I—* * *

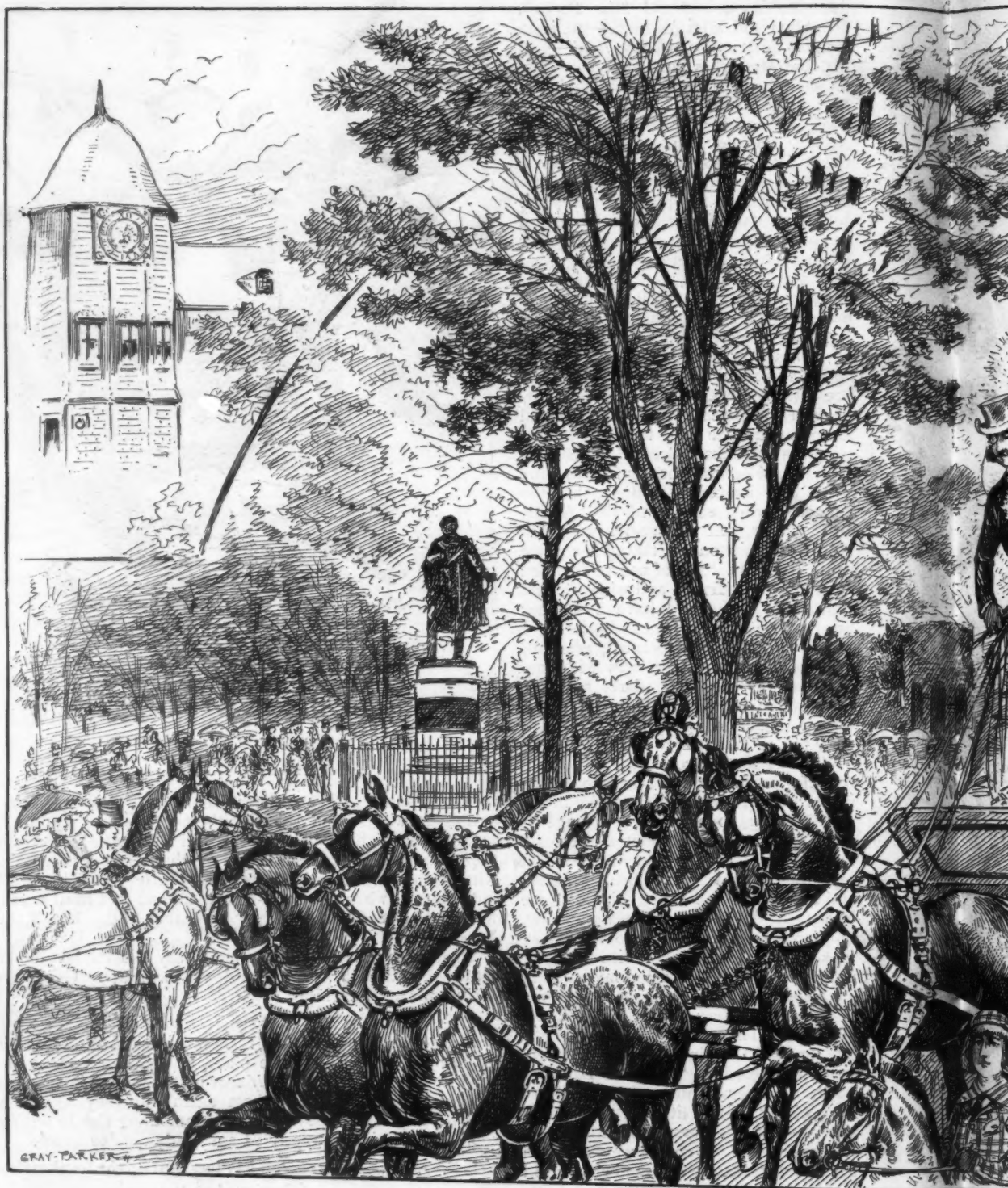
Mama has just interrupted me to say that the last buckboard has returned, and that we must go down to supper. Good bye, darling Lurlie, for a little while.

GWEN.

P. S.—What do you think! Mamie rushed up to tell me that *immediately* after they left the place, Carrie Van Salmon managed to get with Archie and then *half way* up the mountain they sat down to rest and Mamie didn't see them again until they all got back to the buckboard! Mamie says she has something else to tell me just as soon as she finishes supper. I am nearly *wild* to know. G.

P. S.—Mr. Cecil Randolph has just sent up the loveliest knot of pink

(Continued on page 92.)



THIS IS NE
AND HOW DELIGHTFULLY



THIS IS NEWPORT.

SLIGHTLY ENGLISH IT ALL IS!



STRESS OF WEATHER.

DEAR, LADY, PLEASE HELP AN UNFORTUNATE MAN. I AIN'T HAD
NO WORK AT MY TRADE SINCE LAST WINTER.

POOR MAN! WHAT IS YOUR TRADE?
SHOVELLIN' SNOW, MUM.

THE watering cart saves many a man from biting the dust.

MEMBERS of gymnastic societies are usually all active members.

JUDGING by the Newport Hunt, if wishes were horses many men
would n't be able to ride them.

ALL roads lead to roam.

(Continued from page 89.)

water-lilies with only his card. I must hurry and arrange them to wear at the hop to-night. G.

P. S.—Cecil—Mr. Randolph, I mean, has just asked me to dance the german with him. If it was n't that I *know* Archie is dying to explain himself I would accept. G.

P. S.—Mamie has just come—come in and says—says * * Mamie says that Arch—oh! I cannot * * G.

8 P. M.

DEAR LURLIE: Poor Gwen is suffering very much with a headache, and asked me to add a postscript to her letter. She wishes me to say that Mr. Archibald Ten Broeck's engagement to Miss Van Salmon was confidentially announced to my mother this evening by Mrs. Van Salmon. She will eagerly receive you on Monday at the dock. Although she feels quite badly, she has accepted to dance the german this evening with Mr. Cecil Randolph and I must help her to dress. I am sorry I leave Monday before you arrive, but we will meet in Campobello.

Yours in haste,
MAMIE.
(To be continued.)

WHY?

OH why are poets poets?*

Who knows what might have been,
If business men or others
Had held the rhythmic pen.

Who knows what deeds of greatness,
What high, ennobling acts
Might not have been narrated
From actual untrimmed facts?

Why should poetic license
Call plain, read-headed Ruth
A maid with golden tresses,
And disregard the truth?

Why should it speak of morning—
A most unpleasant hour—
As fair Aurora's coming
Forth from her rosy bower?

Why calls it all things strangely?
Why thus corrupt the youth?
Why should the poet's lie sense
Nonsensify the truth?

Then why are poets poets?
Who knows what might have been
If business men or others
Had held the rhythmic pen?

WILL LAMPTON.

*[This is the other of the two things we don't know.—Ed.]

POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON XII.—The Son-in-Law.



What is this?
This, darling, is the son-in-law.
Oh! he is the victim of a mother-in-law?
Yes, dear, of a rich mother-in-law, who supports him.
That is what makes him so tired and rickety?
Partly, my precious.
And the other cause?
Well, he has been to dinner at the Club.
But why does he go home in that condition?
Because all the other places are closed.
Gracious! what will his mother-in-law do?
She will help him up stairs and assist in removing his boots.
Then the poor son-in-law will not be clubbed with a soup-ladle, lectured for two hours and scalded half to death with boiling tea?
Oh, no.
But if he is so dissipated why does the poor mother-in-law put up with him?
Because he gives her daughter position.

How "position"?
Well, before marriage the mother-in-law was very rich, but was not "known" in society.
Well?
Now she is not quite so rich, but she is "known."
Through the son-in-law?
Exactly.
But the poor wife—her daughter?
It is the same with her.
Are they satisfied?
Quite so.
But is getting into society so desirable, that a girl will marry such a man to accomplish it?
Yes, my precious.
My! But how for the poor girls who cannot marry such men?
They are unfortunate.
Have they no consolation?
A meagre one.
And that?
They can die and go to heaven.

A VACATION IDYL.

WHEN I see the lilies growing,
Budding rear a mossy brink;
When I see their petals opening,
Creamy hue and blush of pink,
Then a charm I trace methinks,
Like unto my Julia's mellow,—
Ah, here she comes.—Capricious minx!
I'd like to punch that other fellow.

D. W. H.

RECIPES FOR POPULAR SERMONS.

III.

RADICALISM A LA M. J. SAVAGE.

TAKE fifty-five minutes of nasal tenderness of tone, one thought from the "First Principles" of Mr. Spencer and two from his "Psychology" and three allusions to the survival of the fittest. Stir gently till the whole begins to simmer. Then add rapidly the Orthodox conception of Good, seasoned beforehand with savage raillery, and two sliced compliments to the newspapers. Then cook up a tablespoonful of evolution until smooth, not brown, and strain into a Unitarian sauce-pan. Garnish the whole with prayers to the unknowable, and serve.

IV.

SENTIMENTALISM A LA RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY REST.

TAKE one or two metaphysical texts from the New Testament which have no possible reference to one another. Hold them at arm's length till the guests all see them double. Boil them then in a mixture of Sir William Hamilton's metaphysics and verses from Geo. Macdonald's "Robert Falconer;" then stir slowly into the mass a touching story of ripe age (it may even be a little "high"). Add a little Hell with the forefinger, as a reminiscence of Methodism; season with hopes of immortality and references to familiar bereavements, and serve with a melting poem and tears.

CLERICUS.

SUMMER'S bloom is almost past;
Autumn's chill is in the air.
Love, since summer will not last,
Let us find the whole year fair.
If we look through lovers' eyes,
Even soft are winter's skies.

WALTER LEARNED.

FROM the way things have been running recently, it is impossible to say which is the most dangerous thing to meet in Texas—a grizzly bear, a Comanche Indian, a cowboy or a Baptist minister.



MRS. MADELINE VINTON DAHLGREN has tried her hand at travels, folk-lore and biography, and now she appears as a novelist, taking "A Washington Winter" as her subject. (*Osgood & Co.*) Many Washington winters have passed over the head of Mrs. Dahlgren, and she has had excellent facilities for taking notes from life. One of the first seems to have been made in front of the looking-glass, for Mrs. Adeline Wilton who "scanned the kaleidoscopic changes of its [Washington's] restless winter life" with "clear comprehension of the real meaning" can be no other than the gifted author of this book. Mrs. Dahlgren's portraits are drawn in the free-handed style of LIFE's cartoons, not always exact as to feature but unmistakable in likeness. In short we feel safe in predicting a flattering reception for Mrs. Dahlgren's novel in England where Mrs. Trollope's work on American manners and customs attained so wide a hearing.

WE are better pleased at seeing a new and cheap edition of Maclise Gallery (*Scribner & Welford*) than were some of the literary celebrities represented in it when it first appeared in the pages of *Fraser's Magazine* as long ago as 1833. The portraits are exaggerations rather than caricatures, and one feels that he gets a much better idea of the original from this unflattering pencil than the slicked-up portraits that are given to the world with "the approval of the family." If old William Godwin had sat for his portrait to a fashionable painter we never would have known that he shuffled along the streets in a great-coat that reached the ground, with a hat pulled so far on his head that it touched his well-rounded shoulders. That was Godwin as he was; a more conventional portrait would have fixed him up with a short-tailed coat and a jaunty little hat and would have looked as much like anyone else as like the author of "Caleb Williams." The ladies are treated as severely as the men in these sketches and are made to appear as the most exaggerated of blue stockings—that is, the older of them. The artist has been more merciful to the then young and blooming "L. E. L.," Miss Mitford, and the Countess of Blessington.

CHARLES LAMB is made to occupy a conspicuous place among the Famous Women of Messrs. Roberts Bros.' series. His sister is the subject of the book, but as everywhere that Mary went Charles was sure to go the two Lambs were always side by side. Mrs. Gilchrist, the author of this biography, has found one or two new bits about the sad life of this brother and sister, but nothing of great importance. It is the old, touching story retold with a sympathizing pen, and all who have wept over it before will weep over it again.

THE SAD FATE OF A DRY-GOODS CLERK!

(A CAUTION TO SUMMER VACATIONISTS.)

I AM dying, Mosquit, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And thy large abdominal region
Is puffed up with thy repast;
Let thy bill, oh Mosquit, leave me,
Stop thy buzzing in mine ear;
Skip down stairs to Jersey farmer,—
Get *him* ready for his bier!

Fly away, blood-gorged Mosquito,
With thy appetite so vile!—
Go and suck the very life out
From that granger full of guile,—
Who secured me for a boarder,
With his promises so sweet,
Saying: "No mosquitos ever
Come to my roo-ral retreat!"

* * * * *

I am dying, Mosquit, dying;
Hark! I hear thy comrades' cry,—
'Round my bed they come to picnic
On my carcass, as I die.
Ah! no more behind the counter
Shall I ever cut a swell!
Jersey liar, curses on thee,—
Macy's, Broadway, life, farewell!!

"JEF. JOSLYN."

PHILOSOPHY AT POMPOONIK.

POMPOONIK, —, 1883

IN Pompoonik a new impulse has been generated with the opening of the summer school. The pedagogic lethargy of the pulpit is not felt here during the silly season. Philosophy, the handmaiden of Truth, is leading the minds of its sages out of the fogs of metaphysics and the bogs of mysticism to a secure vantage ground, where the riddles of life are read in a serene light. The huckster and pedant have no business here. "We endeavor," said Prof. Wm. Izikslumis, closing his Schleimacher, and replacing his spectacles in a leathern case, "to give wings to the fancy and feet to the soul, and to bridge the hiatus between the real and the ideal."

The village presents a lively appearance. The colonists flock about the school like flies around a honeypot. On Wednesday the attendance was larger than it has been at any time up to the present date. The exercises opened with a lecture on the following subject: "Is 'What *is*' equivalent to 'What *is not*,' if we subordinate the Relative for the Absolute, or accept Consciousness as the test of the Absolute, and a Register of its Acts?"



A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE !

UNPRECEDENTED DISPLAY OF NERVE BY TWO YOUNG LADIES WHILE DRIVING IN THE SUBURBS OF BOSTON.
Extract from Miss Helena Alicia's account of the scene :

"— IN A LONELY PART OF THE ROAD AN ENORMOUS TRAMP, EVIDENTLY BENT ON HIGHWAY ROBBERY, GLARED FEROCIOUSLY AT US AND BRANDISHED HIS CLUB IN THE AIR, BUT WE SUMMONED ALL OUR COURAGE AND DASHED BY BEFORE THE BLOW FELL," ETC.

In illustrating this episode we have been guided somewhat by the amount of courage the most reckless tramp would be likely to display under the circumstances.

Dr. Petekityl, in an elaborate disquisition, attempted to show that the Real is a projection of consciousness in life. The soul, the absolute sense, is the eye-ball of Pan*, using this figure to typify the conical force of the universe; by which term (Universe) we designate the illusions of the senses and phantasms of the mind. The soul incorporates all things. In the cathedral twilight of all things, mysticism, empiricism and dogmatic theology, it has reached a practical annihilation, or is like a puff-ball caught up by the wind. We are living in a land of dreams. The majority of men writhe and stagger under an incubus, and are held in bondage by a subtle, electric influence which they call the spirit of the age. Whence comes this influence? What are the reasons of the mind for climbing empyrean heights and resisting the incursion of ideas? Dr. Petekityl could not answer these questions, but he conceived that by a reflex mental action, that is, by concentrating thought back upon itself—the true *point d'appui*, sought by the seer and philosopher, might be attained.

In the hush that prevailed no one attempted to controvert the learned doctor, but when the next question was reached a lively debate ensued, and in the heat of discussion coats were pulled off, cuffs were flung aside, collars were unbuttoned, and Prof Jimjaxon was seen to put the lighted end of his cigar in his mouth, while J. Puddington Smythe, A.M., nervously chewed the rim of a palm-leaf fan.

*Man is a transparent eye-ball.—Emerson.

The subject was one of a series on the Internal History of the Human Mind; "Whether Ideas that are lost in Thinking, or perish in Embryo, are equal in Value to Ideas that are Unthinkable?"

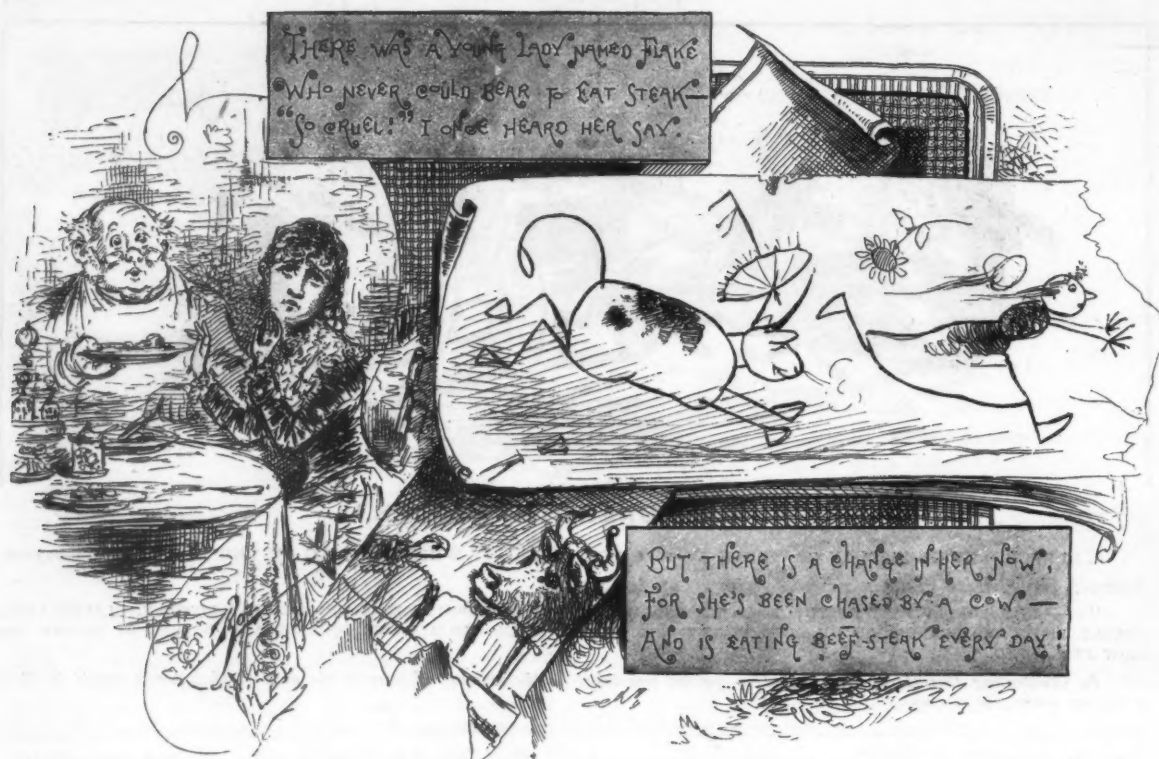
J. Puddington Smythe, A.M., led off the debate. "What," he said, "is the nature and capacity of the Mind? Is it capable of grasping an idea that has no existence in its conscious states? 'The sweetest music,' says a modern poet, 'are the songs that I have never sung.' Dr. Holmes, in one of his breakfast-table talks, hints of poets who never sing,

'But die with all their music in them.'

"What does the poet mean? Is not thought, according to Descartes, the essence of mind? Are not ideas the flowers of thought? Flowers in a literal sense, have extension, but ideas have not. Whatever is apprehended by the internal sense is an idea. Hence the idea of an idea is an idea. Thus, if we cannot form a distinct mental conception of an idea that is unthinkable, the idea may exist in mental perspective as a fact of consciousness, and as such may be apprehended. (Applause.)

"I suppose there are some heads nodding in the benches before me that are absolutely vacant of ideas; but whether a man thinks, or merely thinks he thinks, or has but one thought during his earthly pilgrimage, namely the consciousness of his total incapacity to think on any subject (sensation), an idea is present to the mind. (Tremendous applause.)

"Ideas that are lost in embryo, or are pushed and jostled out of the mind by new ideas that arise spon-



taneously out of its inner depths and contend for elbow room, have less value than ideas that are unthinkable, and which perceptibly influence our thoughts. (Cheers.) When we once get the notion in our heads that we have no ideas save those which are clearly and distinctly apprehended, there is no pleasure to be derived from living and we might as well lie under the sod."

Next week's programme is one of peculiar interest. The following questions are announced for debate:

The origin of "Me-tooism" in politics, and "Too-toism" in aesthetics, with reference to the study of modern history.

Liver-pads.

In the absence of a logical *nexus*, is it policy to sew up the gaps in an argument with the thread of the discourse?

Was the statue hugged by Pygmalion a Cyprian girl in disguise?

Love as a self-extinguisher.

Glucose in beer.

Rays of Genius struggling through the keyhole of the closed door of the Intellect.

Empty salt-cellars in the soul's cupboard, or our lost reckonings.

The expediency of making the science of astrology, as taught by the Chinese and Etruscans, an elective study in common schools, with a view to improving the efficiency of the signal-service.

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1. Be very careful to make your grounds look as artificial as possible. It is bad taste to have any appointments which might suggest Nature.

2. Lay out large beds of tropical plants in designs such as crosses, anchors, etc.—the uglier the better. Visitors will be sure to admire such designs, and their admiration will be found to be inversely as the beauty of the designs.

3. Surround as many of the lots as possible with iron fences. This will give the inmates a sense of security.

4. Use your influence in having the monuments as striking as possible. You can effect this by having the designs represent odd and inappropriate figures. Cross-eyed doves and clapping hands, like the advertisement of "Welcome Soap," are very popular just now.

5. Have your grounds laid out as much like a checker-board as possible, and name your paths alphabetically, as Almond Avenue, Blueberry Street, Cucumber Lane, Doctor Alley, etc.

6. Have two or three artificial lakes in the grounds. Cultivate weeds in these, so that the surface may be covered with green scum to match the surrounding grass.

7. Take pains to have as many bunches of faded flowers as possible distributed through the lots. These should never be removed as they improve with age.

8. Place at regular intervals through the grounds figures of dogs or other animals. These will serve the double purpose of carrying out Rule 1 and of frightening medical students.

J. J. J.

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NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

"Render unto Scissors those things which are Scissors."
—[St. Paul to the Fenians. IV., 11, 44.]

A GARDEN "waul"—A cat on the fence.—*New York Journal.*

A SPECTACULAR DRAMER—A barkeeper who wears glasses.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

CUTTING a telegraph wire is not breaking the news gently.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

THE liars must go.—*Troy Times.* Good-bye!—*Rochester Union.*

SOMEBODY has been bright enough to say: "Langtry and Gebhardt—the lily of the valley and the valet of the lily."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"ISIDORE FERBLANTIN, this is the thirteenth time that you have been arrested for theft."

"Ah, monsieur, it is so humiliating to beg!"
Gaulois.

THE woods were full of woodcock gunners on Wednesday. One veteran sportsman shot five.—*Newburyport Herald.* Five woodcock gunners bagged in one day must be a good thing for the birds.—*Lowell Courier.*

A YOUNG miss of sixteen asks what is the proper thing for her to do when she is serenaded by a party of gentlemen at a late hour. We are glad to be able to answer this question. Steal softly down stairs and untie the dog.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

WHEN Shootwell died, the boys clubbed together to buy him a tombstone. They could n't agree upon the inscription. Fogg suggested this: "His gun never missed fire. Let us hope he may be like his gun." But this was considered somewhat personal, and was rejected without a division.—*Boston Transcript.*

A VIGOROUS old fellow in Maine who had lately buried his fourth wife was accosted by an acquaintance who, unaware of his bereavement, asked: "How is your wife, Cap'n Plowjogger?"

To which the Cap'n replied, with a perfectly grave face:

"Waal, to tell ye the twerth, I am kinder out of wives just naow."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

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